AN

ACCOUNT

Of a Dreadful

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MANCHESTER

And other PLACES in

ENGLAND.

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THE *following Account of the Mobs at* Manchester, Warrington, Leeds, *and other Places in* England, *was sent in Letters from the aforesaid Places, to the Author of the* English *Flying Post.*

Warrington June 11th 1715.

Dear Sir,

IN answer to yours I've only to tell you, that this Country is so far from feeling the good Influences of the Government, that we are in a far worse Condition than during the last four destructive Years. The *High-flown-Mob* are grown very outragious. The common Cry is *down with the Rump*, and some Towns are in perfect Confusion with us; but especially at Manchester, where the Mob has been up (more or less) about Three Weeks, of which take the following Account.

May 5 The Pretender was proclaimed there betimes in the Morning, by a considerable Number of disguised Persons.

May 28th Being his Majesty's Birth-Day, the Mob dispersed the Government Friends from the Bonfire, which they put out, throwing the scattered Remnants of it into Houses, and breaking all Illuminated Windows, defying the Souldiers when they apprehended nothing, but Powder-Shot against them.

May 29. They were very unruly, distinguishing themselves from the *Georges* Friends, by dressing their Hats and Houses with Branches of Oak. This Mob continued till June 1. when in the Night-time they set Fire to the Meeting-House, which only burnt 3 or 4 Hours before it was discovered.

June 5, 6. They rallied again in great Numbers, insulting all honest Men in their Way, and concluded the Night with breaking all the Meeting-House Windows, and threatning the Destruction of some Families.

A Souldier being this Week put into the Dungeon, for crying *down with the Rump*, the Mob broke the Prison, and since he durst not venture to come without his Officers Consent, they contented themselves with giving him Money.

June 9. They gathered in a Body of 3 or 400 Men, and about 9 at Night they all fell again on the Meeting-House, and after having levell'd the Wall that surrounded it, they broke the Doors open, and by Two in the Morning there was nothing but bare Walls. Its a spacious Place, the Area of it being a Square of Twenty two Yards, besides a large Gallery. The Pulpit and Clock were first of all dasht to Pieces, and all the rest of the Furniture was intirely destroyed in a very short time.

June 10. They again fell upon the Meeting-House at 9 at Night (which is the usual Hour of Rendezvous) pulled off the Slate, breaking it in Pieces, that it might be of no future Use, and broke down some Part of the Wall.

On the 11th They designed to tear off the Lead and cut down the Roof, and are resolved to continue till they level the whole with the Ground.

The Mob chiefly consisted of Work-men, who could not long subsist without Money, with which they are plentifully supplyed. The Heads of them are not well known, being either masked or in Womens Apparel, a great many appearing among them in that Dress.

The honest Part of the Town are in the utmost Consternation and Distress; some of them are fled into the Country, and others are going. A Set of good Justices it's believed might have prevented all this.

I am informed that Messengers are observed to Pass and Re-pass among the *Jacobites*: Besides, it is visible to all, That vast Numbers of begging Seamen and Soldiers traverse the Country, who are apprehended to be the *Pretender's* Forlorn-hope.

On King *George's* Birth-day, his Friends in this Country met with no Opposition in their Rejoicings, none of the Tories appearing at the Bonfire, but two or three Dependants on the Government, who soon sneaked off, as if asham'd of what they had done.

On the Restoration-night, they had a Bonefire by themselves, toss'd about a few equivocal Healths, and then fled off to the main Cabal, from whence they reel'd Home about two in the Morning.

Yesterday, being the *Pretender's* Birth-day, our *Warringtoun* Tories, by a Wile, got the Bells rung in the Morning, which however were soon silenced: The rest of the Day they distinguished themselves by green Boughs in their Hats. The Females of the Party wearing them in their Breasts, and each looking as gay as if the Game were up. They disturbed all Cocks and Comers with the [illegible] threatning to have a Bonefire, and demolish the *Meeting-house* at Night; both which were prevented. They are pretty quiet at *Leverpool*, *Prestoun*, and the North Parts of the County; but the Infection at *Manchester* spreads apace, and if not suppress'd in Time, may be of very ill Consequence.

Dear SIR,

Your most affectionate Brother

and Servant, &c.

POST-SCRIPT.

June 14th, 1715.

THE Mob having levelled *Mancheſter Chappel*, have made Excurſions into the Country, where they defac'd ſeveral *Meeting-houſes*.

Laſt Night we were threatned with them here, but they halted nine Miles ſhort, and fell upon a *Chappel* near the Road, which was well guarded with fine Arms, but the Country People not knowing what Defence they might make in that Caſe, were afraid to fire; and the more ſo, becauſe a neighbouring Juſtice ſent Word they were all dead men if they did; ſo that the Mob over-power'd them, and diſarm'd them.

After having dammaged the Place, they carryed away the Guns; ſo that now they are become an armed Multitude. We are preparing here to give them a warm Reception, when ever they think fit to attack us, tho' I hope they'll not attempt it. Things are come to that Paſs in *Mancheſter*, that the *Pretender*'s Health is drunk publickly, and it's counted Treaſon to drink King *George*'s.

Leeds, *June* 15th, On *Friday* the 10th Inſtant, a raſcally *Jacobite* Mob aſſembled here, and celebrated the Birth-day of the *Pretender*, with ringing of Bells and a Bonefire: The latter was ſoon extinguiſhed by an honeſt Officer of the Army, very loyal to King *George*, and by the Aſſiſtance of ſome others, but the Bells continued ringing till Application to the Vicar, who ordrer'd them to forbear. The Jacobite Mob was ſo impudent, that they drank the Pretenders Health, and threatned to pull down the two Meeting-Houſes. Application was made to our Mayor for ſuppreſſing this Mob, but his Name being *Solomon*, he thinks himſelf intituled to *Wiſdom* on that Account, tho few elſe are of his Opinion. His Worſhip's Anſwer was, That he would not concern himſelf in the Matter; which we are not to be ſurpriz'd at, ſince we remember he acknowledged, that his taking the Oaths to King *George*, was the bittereſt Pill that ever he ſwallowed; but being an Apothecary, it ſeems he found a Way to gild it over, and to ſwallow it in a Vechikle of the *Jeſuits* preparing, as the reſt of his Brethren do.

We were the moſt Loving, Peaceable Neighbours in this Town that could poſſibly be, till God in His Judgement viſited us with a couple of Locuſts out of Bottomleſs Pit, *alias* the High-flying Scaramuche Clergy-Men, who with others of their Stamp have ſo fired their ignorant and giddy Adherents againſt the preſent Conſtitution, that we are obliged to be on our Guard, leſt they ſhould pull down our *Meeting-Houſe*, and do other Miſchief.

There are other Letters which give a farther Account of the Riots, both at *Leeds* and in *Lancaſhire*, with very agravating Circumſtances, and particularly of ſuch Villanous Marks of Diſreſpect to His Majeſty's Royal Perſon, as are not fit to be mentioned.

FINIS.